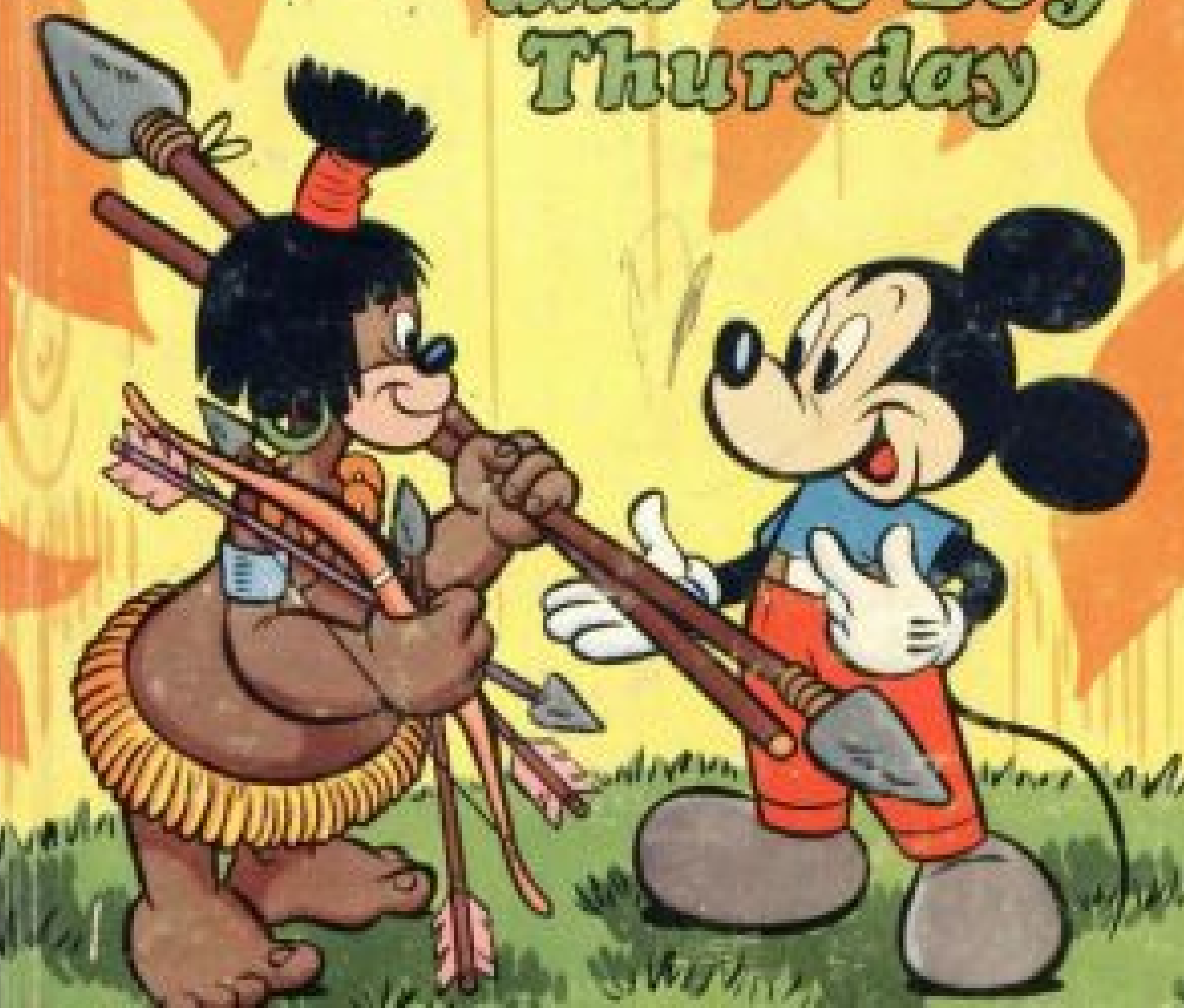
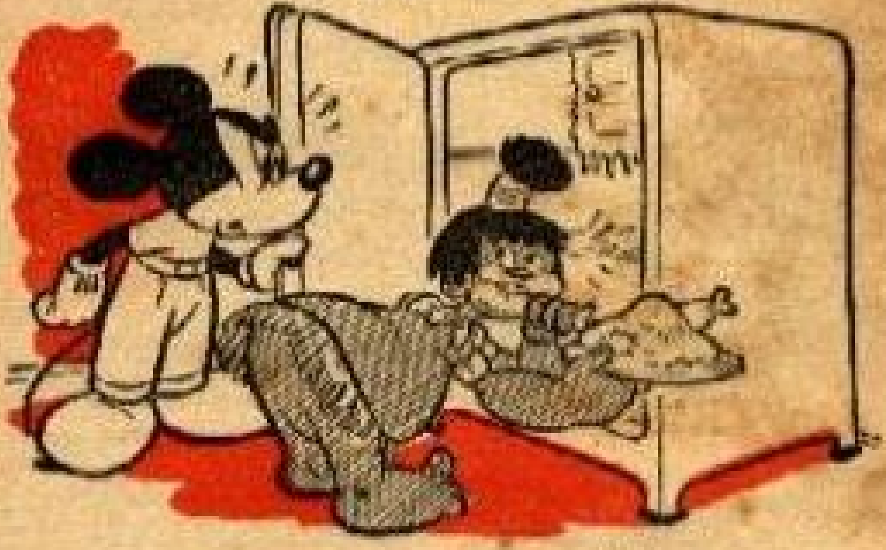
Walt Disney's
MICKEY MOUSE
and the Boy Thursday



WALT DISNEY'S

MICKEY MOUSE and the BOY THURSDAY



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"Package for Mr. Mickey Mouse," said the postman as he set a large crate on Mickey's front porch.

Mickey looked at it questioningly. Across the side was a label, "West African Bananas."

"But I don't know anybody in Africa," Mickey complained.

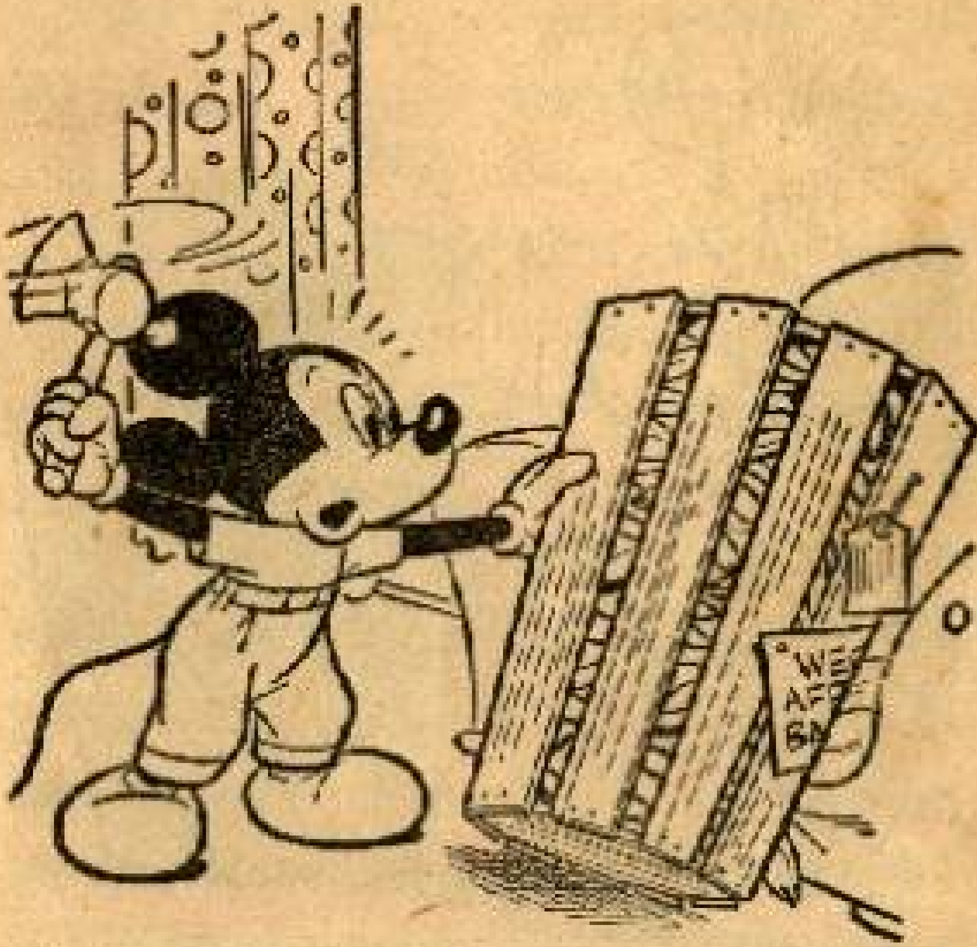
"Neither do I, but you're Mickey Mouse, aren't you?" asked the mail-

man. "Sign here, please!"

Mickey signed the paper which proved the mail delivery had been made, and the postman went down the walk whistling.

Mickey circled around the big crate. Something seemed to warn him that the big package meant trouble. Sighing, he went to the tool-room, and brought back a small hatchet.

"I might as well open it," Mickey said, raising the hatchet and giving the crate a resounding blow.





"YOWTCH!" A yell came from inside the crate, and the bananas began to tumble out.

"What an odd way for bananas to act," Mickey thought. As he watched, a funny brown face, framed in straight black hair, peered over the edge of the crate. Big, black eyes glanced around, then looked wonderingly at Mickey. The brown face broke into a wide, friendly smile, and Mickey swallowed hard.

"Who are you? Why are you here? Who sent you?" Mickey squeaked,

his voice becoming higher and higher as he spoke.

"Glug—ga—booch," answered the queer little person. He thrust out his hands and slowly wriggled himself free. What a queer little fellow he was! Mickey could hardly keep from laughing. Although the boy's arms and legs were short, his hands and bare feet were enormous. His stomach, big and round as a butterball, was skirted by a fringe of grass, and he wore two wide, gold bracelets, earrings and a necklace



of white bones. Mickey stared. He had a strange feeling that he had seen his visitor before.

"I know! You look like a man named Friday that I used to know," Mickey said. "But he could talk."

"Booch—ga—blug," answered the boy, pointing over his own shoulder. Mickey turned him around and found a letter pasted on his back.

"From Island
Someplace by Africa
12th Moon, 9th Day"

Mickey read the uneven lettering.



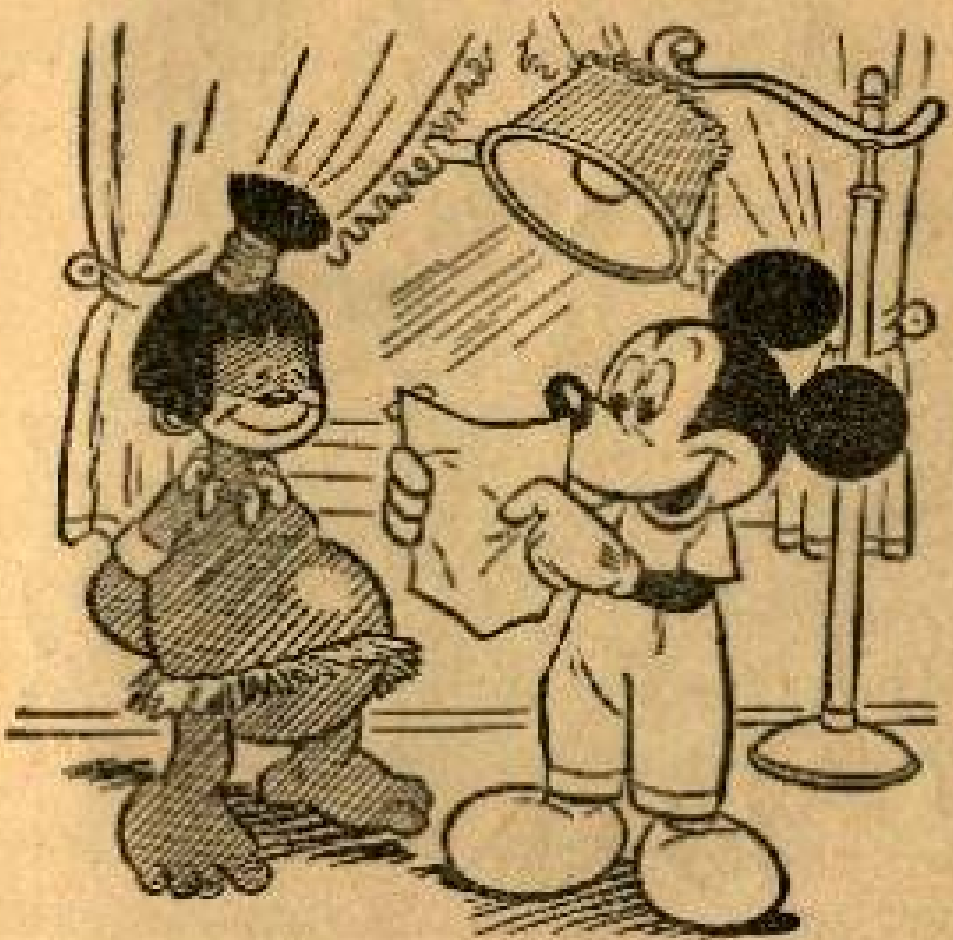
"Dear Mickey Mouse

"This not me—this my almost twin brother name Thursday. I sendum to you for edumcation cause he needum background polished. You keep rest of bananas for pay.

"Goody-good-by, I see you never.

Friday."

"Well, well." Mickey laughed and scratched his head, then turned to look out the window. "So I'm supposed to be your nursemaid and governess and you can't even talk.





You're Friday's brother and your name's Thursday, and that's all I know about you. Hah!" He turned to look at his new charge again. "*Hey!* That's not to eat. Put it back!"

Thursday was holding a goldfish by the tail and had his mouth wide open, ready to swallow it alive.

"Pmaff?" he said, questioningly, flipping it into the bowl.

"At least the little guy minds well," Mickey said to himself. Then his eyes opened wide. Thursday had picked up the whole goldfish bowl

and had begun to drink the water. At Mickey's warning he put the bowl down and moved quickly across the room. Snatching a bouquet of flowers, he began to chew on them.

"No, *no*, Thursday," Mickey shouted. "Don't do that! Flowers are to smell, like this. Sniff—sniff," Mickey said, sticking his nose into the bouquet. Thursday sniffed, too. Then he opened his big mouth.

"Glomp!" He ate the whole bouquet in one huge bite.

Mickey shook his head helplessly.



"What am I going to do with you?" he asked, but Thursday just calmly munched the flowers. "Well," Mickey said, "maybe you're hungry. I'll give you some food. That will keep you from eating the furniture." He hurriedly took all the food he had in the refrigerator and set it before Thursday.

The little fellow patted his stomach and licked his lips. He could understand this language. He gnawed big chunks from a loaf of bread and stuffed stalks of celery into his



mouth. He picked up four chops in one hand and a plate of potato salad and weiners in the other. While Mickey watched open-mouthed, that food, too, disappeared.

"What an appetite!" Mickey exclaimed as he watched Thursday eat all the food in sight then pile one dish on top of another.

"He's stacking the dishes ready to wash!" Mickey said, admiringly. "Now isn't that thoughtful!" But Mickey was wrong!

Crunch! Thursday bit into the





stack of dishes as though it were a thick sandwich.

"No, *no*, NO!" Mickey shouted, waving his hands and taking the crockery away.

Thursday eyed Mickey questioningly, then sat back, patting his full stomach contentedly.

"Now to get you clean," Mickey said as he led the way to the bathroom, Thursday tight at his heels. He filled the bathtub with hot water while Thursday watched.

"This is bath, see? You washum.

Understand?" Mickey asked, hoping Thursday would not object.

Thursday shook his head up and down so hard that his topknot waggled back and forth. He leaned over the tub, then looked at Mickey and smiled.

"Why, you're not going to make a fuss at all," Mickey said, pleased, then to himself he added, "I'll leave him alone to show that I trust him." Mickey nodded and smiled, pointing at the tub. He went into the living room to read his paper. He read



for a while, then, when he heard no sounds of splashing, he began to get a little worried.

"I wonder why he's so quiet?" Mickey murmured. "Could he have drowned?" Mickey rushed into the bathroom. There was Thursday sitting on the floor and grinning. His stomach was rounder than ever, and he was chewing on a piece of soap.

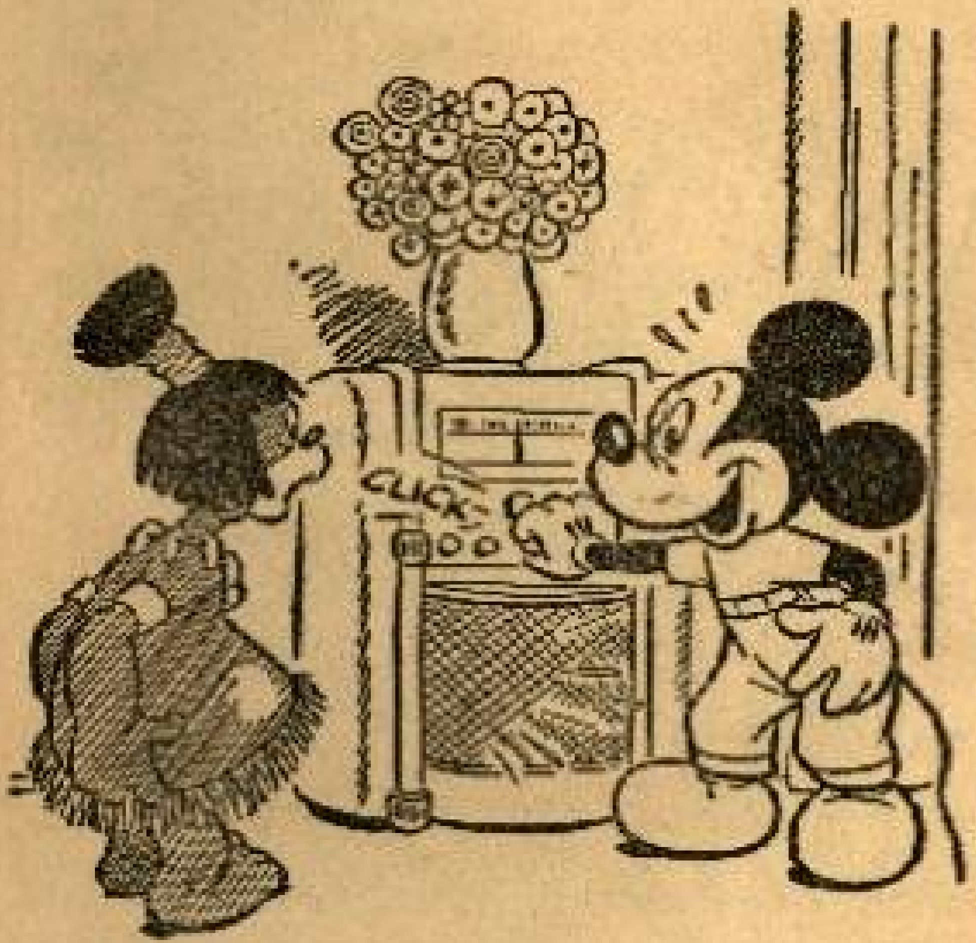
"He *drank* it!" Mickey groaned, looking at the empty bathtub. Thursday smiled and blew some bubbles.



"Poor little guy! He just makes mistakes. He doesn't know any better. I'll just have to be patient and teach him the right way to do things," said Mickey. He led Thursday into the living room and turned on the radio. Thursday's eyes opened wide as he heard a voice coming from the big box.

"Things are different here, Thursday," Mickey explained. "You never heard a talking box in the jungle, did you?"

Just then a voice from the radio





said, "—and now, my friends, I will entertain you with a few imitations of wild animals I have known. First, a lion. ARR-ROAR-RR!"

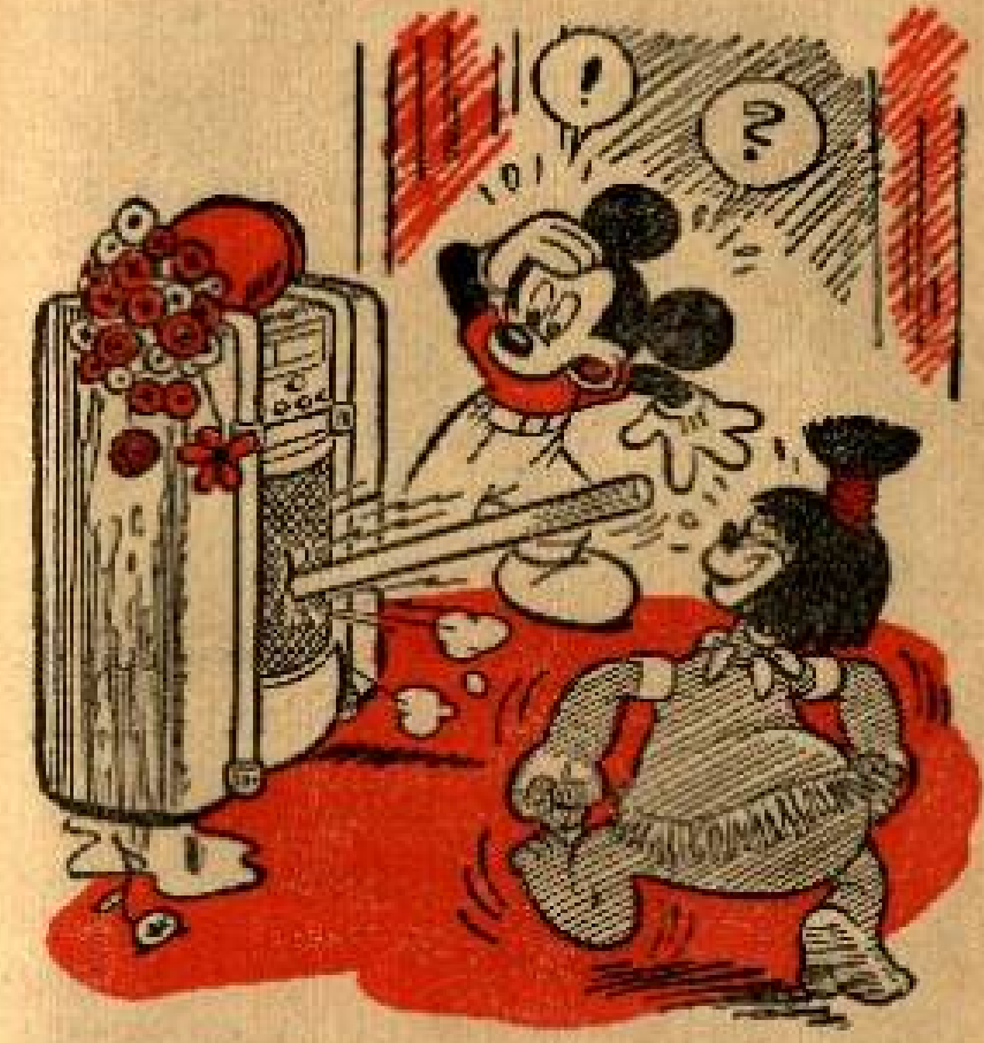
Thursday jumped three feet into the air, his eyes wide in alarm.

"Don't be frightened," Mickey said, soothingly, "it isn't a *real* lion." But Thursday dashed to the banana crate. Mickey thought he planned to hide inside it, but he was mistaken. Thursday reached inside, pulled out a handmade spear, and before Mickey could stop him, he

flung it toward the radio. Mickey closed his eyes as the spear landed and his beautiful radio was shattered into a hundred pieces. He glowered at Thursday. But the rascal was looking very pleased with himself. He threw out his chest and stomped his big feet.

"Oh, dear," Mickey thought, "he thinks he speared a roaring lion and he wants me to praise him!"

Thursday looked at Mickey a moment then went on poking his spear first at the lamps, then at the daven-



port and at the pictures on the wall. How could Mickey think when any moment the little fellow might poke the spear at him?

"Run outdoors and play while I think," Mickey said, leading the little fellow to the door. Thursday bounced joyfully down the steps and into the yard. Mickey heaved a sigh of relief and returned to his thinking.

"Let me see. A genuine African native," Mickey murmured. "Perhaps I should start showing him off. Maybe some of my friends will



offer to help take care of him. Minnie might—I'll call Minnie."

Mickey picked up the phone and gave a number. Minnie answered.

"Hello, Minnie? Come over right now. I've a surprise for you," he said, and Minnie promised to come. Mickey was just planning what he would tell Minnie when he heard a screech from the backyard.

"Eek! Help! Mickey—help!" It was Minnie's voice. Mickey rushed outside. There was poor Minnie on the grass. Thursday was standing over





her with his spear in one hand and the cloth butterfly from her hat in the other.

"Buddem-gly," Thursday said, proudly holding out the butterfly.

"Where did this beast come from?" Minnie asked shrilly, jumping up. "Call the police!"

"But, Minnie, he's not dangerous," Mickey explained. "He's just—er—primitive. He thought the butterfly was alive and he captured it. He doesn't know any better." But Minnie would not be calmed. She

was not only frightened, she was angry.

"Do something!" she cried. "Don't just stand there!" Mickey took the butterfly from Thursday, and handed it back to her.

"His brother sent him from Africa to be educated," Mickey explained nodding toward Thursday. "I'm teaching him our ways."

"But you can't keep a savage in your home," Minnie said, watching Thursday as he went into the house. Mickey and Minnie followed. Mickey



glanced hurriedly about. Everything seemed to be in place. Thursday had kept out of trouble for a few minutes at least. But where was he? Mickey found him gazing at a picture of two big fish.

"Look, Minnie, see, he enjoys that painting," said Mickey proudly.

"Only because it reminds him of a fish dinner," Minnie answered.

Mickey turned to argue.

"To the boy's simple mind the picture is a great piece—" but Minnie interrupted.



"Mickey, *look!*" she cried.

Thursday had the picture on the point of his spear and was trying to roast the painted fish over the fireplace fire.

Minnie tossed her head and walked out of the house. Over her shoulder she said, "All right. If you want to keep a wild man in your house, go ahead. I'll have no part in it." And home she went.

Mickey shook his head sorrowfully as Minnie walked away. Thursday had certainly failed to gain





Minnie as a friend.

"You will need friends," Mickey said, patting the brown boy on the shoulder. Thursday looked up at Mickey, smiling his wide, friendly smile. Just then Pluto walked into the room.

"Here, Pluto!" Mickey said, motioning for the dog to come closer.

"Pluto, I want you to be a friend to poor Thursday. He's a long way from home, and he's always making mistakes. Here, Pluto, shake hands with Thursday," Mickey said. He

turned around, but Thursday had disappeared. "Where did he go?"

He had the answer to his question almost immediately. Thursday ran into the room carrying a bow and arrow. Mickey gasped in alarm, and Pluto's ears stood straight up with fright, for Thursday was aiming the arrow at Pluto!

"No, *no*, NO!" Mickey cried. Pluto backed away and ran from the house as fast as he could. Thursday started to follow, but Mickey held him back.



"There, you've lost another friend," Mickey scolded. "Can't you do *anything* right?"

Thursday looked up at him with such a hurt expression in his big black eyes that Mickey stopped being angry.

"You must learn to make friends. You mustn't frighten people," Mickey told Thursday. "I'll take you for a nice walk through town. We'll find some friends for you."

He took Thursday by the hand and led him down the front walk.



At the gate they met Mickey's friend Goofy. Goofy looked puzzled when he saw Thursday, then his homely face broke into a wide grin.

"Who's yer friend, or is he a relative?" Goofy asked.

"He's from Africa. He hasn't learned any English yet," Mickey said. Would Thursday make an enemy of Goofy too? Mickey wondered. Thursday looked at Goofy and fell to his knees at Goofy's feet. Then he put his head to the ground with his hands outstretched before





him. Mickey's mouth dropped open with surprise.

"Nice mannered," Goofy said, not at all surprised at Thursday's unusual actions.

"He never acted like that before," Mickey gasped.

Before Mickey got over his surprise, Thursday rushed into the house. Mickey had just begun to warn Goofy that Thursday might reappear with an arrow aimed at him, when Thursday came out of the door. He carried his spear and

on the end of it was a huge piece of baloney. Shyly he offered it to Goofy.

Goofy took the sausage and bit into it. "What is this charm you hold over him?" Mickey asked.

"It's jest muh natcheral gift o' tact an' perliteness," Goofy said. But Mickey looked doubtful.

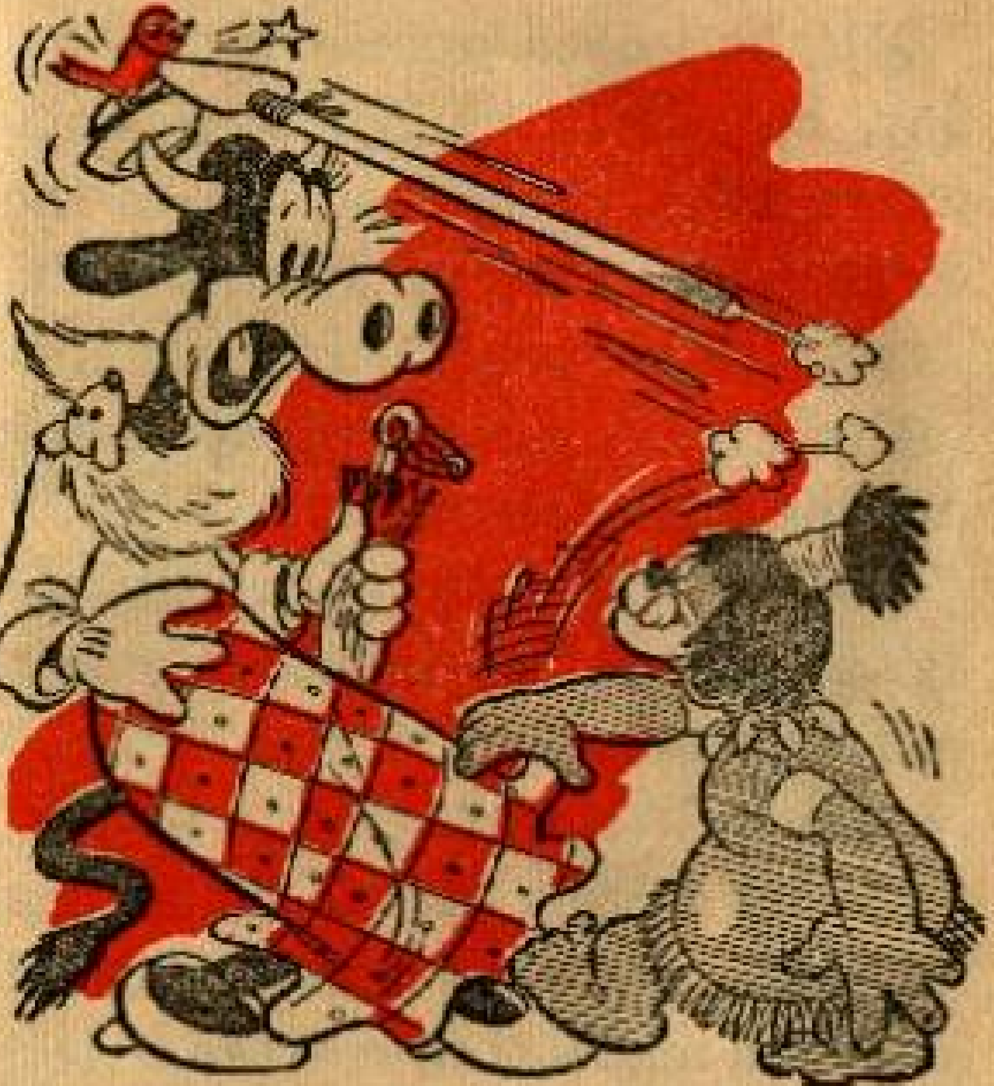
At that moment Thursday darted away. He had spied Clarabelle Cow coming down the street wearing a hat topped with a bird. With his spear upraised, Thursday ran to-



ward her.

"Stop! Stop!" Mickey cried, but he was too late. The spear whizzed through the air, struck the bird and knocked the hat to the ground. Clarabelle Cow screamed in fright and Mickey was almost as frightened as Clarabelle. Thursday calmly stood by and tried to eat the bird.

"Listen, Clarabelle, he didn't—" Mickey tried to explain, but Clarabelle was too angry to listen. She waved her umbrella threateningly and strode off down the street.

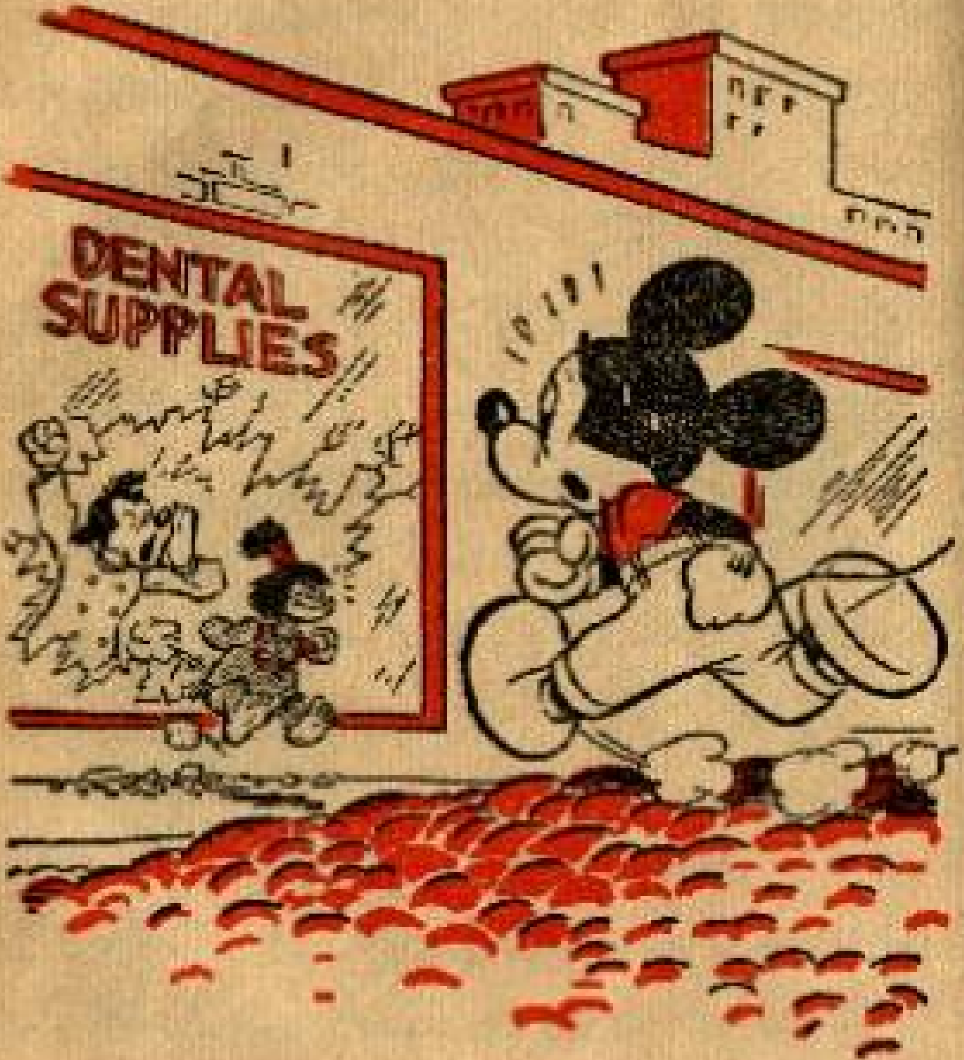


Mickey looked around for Thursday, but the little fellow was nowhere in sight. Mickey ran to the corner and looked up and down the street. There was Thursday standing in front of a store window holding the spear above his head.

"No, no, no!" Mickey yelled, but again he was too late. The spear crashed through the window and landed in a stuffed goat.

"What do you mean? You'll pay for this!" the store owner shouted as he ran angrily out into the street.





"I'll—I'll pay," Mickey said, hurriedly taking some bills from his pocket. While Mickey was paying the man, Thursday wandered out of sight.

"Help! Robbers! Bandits!" someone down the street shouted.

"Is that Thursday in trouble again?" Mickey wondered.

As Mickey watched, out of a store window jumped the little rascal. He ran up to Mickey and pointed to something around his neck.

"Glug—glug. Kluckum-klackum."

Then Mickey saw why he had broken the store window. Around his neck the little African wore a necklace of false teeth. He had made for himself what he considered a fine decoration.

While Thursday was proudly showing off his necklace, the store owner was jumping up and down with rage. Mickey reached into his pocket and took out his roll of bills.

"I'll pay for the damage," he said. Hurriedly he thrust the money into the store owner's hand. The man



took it but still muttered.

Mickey did not take time to listen. He took a firm grip on Thursday's hand and marched him toward home.

To Mickey's surprise, Thursday walked along staring straight ahead. Then Mickey saw the reason for the little boy's good behavior. Goofy had just turned the corner and was coming toward them. Thursday jerked his hand free and took off the necklace of false teeth. When Goofy came up, the little boy bowed and held out the necklace.



"Thanks! I really don't need any more teeth," he said. Then turning to Mickey he added, "Nice li'l guy, ain't he?"

"You seem to be the only one who thinks so," Mickey muttered. He scratched his head and wondered why Thursday treated Goofy, and only Goofy, with so much respect. Mickey took Thursday's hand and held it tightly all the way home.

"I think I'll keep him indoors," Mickey said to himself. "Then he can't bother other people."





They had been home only a few minutes when the doorbell rang. Mickey opened the door to find a big, burly policeman standing there.

"You are under arrest," the policeman said.

"What for?" Mickey gasped.

"For keeping a public nuisance," the officer said. "Come with me."

Without further question, Mickey grabbed Thursday by the hand and followed the policeman.

When they entered the courtroom, the judge was waiting for them.

"Please, your honor," Mickey began, but the judge interrupted.

"You are hereby ordered forthwith to abate the said nuisance within twenty-four hours," the judge said sternly.

"But, your honor, supposing I can't?" Mickey questioned.

"In that case, young man, the court will be compelled to take full charge of the matter."

Mickey swallowed hard. He could think of nothing more to say. He took Thursday by the hand and



marched him home again.

"I've got to get rid of him," Mickey muttered to himself, "but I can't send him back because I don't know where he came from. What am I going to do?"

Thursday watched Mickey. He seemed to know that something was very wrong. Mickey looked down at his forlorn little face.

Again the doorbell broke into Mickey's thoughts. Goofy stood outside.

Thursday bowed low before him.

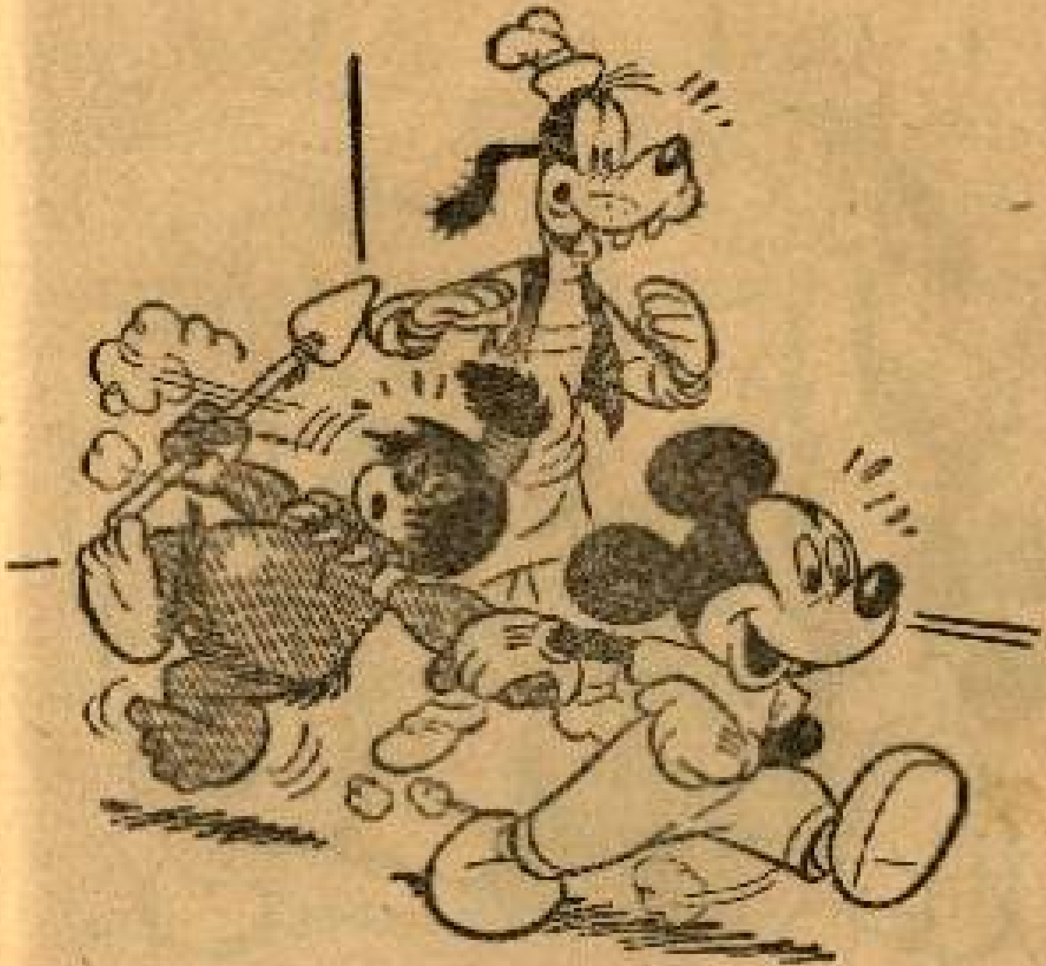


"I'd like to know your secret," Mickey said shaking his head. "He treats you like a king."

"He's a nice li'l guy," Goofy said, then added, "Do you want to go to the circus with me, Mickey?"

"I can't go anywhere until I get rid of Thursday," Mickey said, shaking his head sadly. Then he leaped to his feet. An idea had struck him. "Circus! Did you say circus? Why didn't I think of that before? Let's go," he cried.

He grabbed Thursday by the hand





and almost ran out of the house and down the street. Goofy and Thursday had to run to keep up to him. When they reached the circus grounds, Mickey searched out the manager.

"Here," he said, pushing Thursday toward the surprised man. "He's a really wild man. He's absolutely free." Before either the astonished manager or Goofy could say anything, Mickey tugged at Goofy and rushed away leaving Thursday behind.

"There!" he said. "I'm rid of him. You can stay and see the circus if you want to, Goofy, but I'm going home to rest."

Mickey heaved a sigh of relief as he reached home and threw himself down in an easy chair. His head nodded and his eyes closed.

R-r-ring! The doorbell again.

As Mickey opened the door, the circus manager shoved Thursday into the room. "You cheated me," he cried. "You handed me a *real* wild man." And without another word



he hurried away.

Mickey looked at Thursday and shook his head. "If you're too much for a circus to handle, what am I going to do with you?"

But Thursday was paying no attention to Mickey. He was looking as though he heard a strange sound.

Suddenly he dashed to the window and pointing outdoors he shouted excitedly, "Ellumpan!"

While Mickey was still wondering what Thursday saw, the doorbell rang and Mickey answered it.



There stood the postman, and beside him stood a huge elephant.

"One African elephant for Thursday in care of Mickey Mouse," he said. "Sign here, please."

Mickey signed without taking his eyes off the elephant. He blinked his eyes. Was he seeing things? He almost hoped so. Then he discovered a note fastened to the animal.

"Dear brother Thursday—Sendum your pet so you don't get lonesome. Give many regard to Mr. Mouse.

Friday."





Mickey Mouse put his hand to his head and staggered back against the door. "Hasn't he given me enough trouble without an elephant?"

While he sat thinking, Thursday mounted the elephant and the two went off down the street. When Mickey missed them they were out of sight. Mickey followed their trail. Broken windows, a wrecked ladder, an upset fruit cart and a gushing hydrant pointed the way. Mickey saw a crowd ahead, for nearly the whole town had come out to see

the elephant and the funny little brown boy. Mickey tried to break through the crowd to get to his little African visitor and his pet. Time after time he was pushed back. When the crowd finally broke up, Thursday and his pet had gone.

Mickey called Goofy, and the two of them hunted all over town but the boy seemed to have vanished.

"Poor li'l feller," Goofy said. "Looks like yuh lost him for good."

"I wish I could be sure of that. Nothing would make me happier."



But Mickey was worried. There was no word from Thursday the rest of that day or the following day or the day after that. A week passed, two weeks, and still Mickey heard nothing from Thursday.

Finally when Thursday had become almost a memory, Mickey received a strange-looking letter. He tore it open and read:

"Dear Mickey:

"Thursday home today. Thanks for edumcation and background polishment. He no like your



country. Say nobody have fun. All time wantum fight. Thursday gentle. Like peace. Come see us sometimes.

Friday"

Mickey hurried to show the letter to Goofy who was still worried about the "nice li'l guy."

Goofy was glad to hear Thursday had arrived safely at home, but Mickey had even more news for him.

"I finally figured out why he was so nice to you," Mickey told him laughingly. "Come with me."





Goofy followed Mickey to the African section of the museum. Mickey pointed to a sacred totem pole of a West African tribe.

"Looks familiar, somehow," Goofy said. Mickey laughed.

"Don't you see? He thought you were a living totem pole!"

Goofy peered at the pole. The weird face on it looked very much like Goofy.

"Well, thuh dim-witted little monkey! I allus said he didn't have no sense!" Goofy said, suddenly chang-

ing his mind about the little boy.

But Mickey, who was remembering how much Goofy had enjoyed being treated like a king, laughed so hard he could not answer.

To this day there is one thing Mickey never jokes about. That is the subject of Thursday. From the day the little boy disappeared, Mickey has been afraid to look at a stalk of bananas for fear a funny little brown face will pop out and say, "Glug-ga-booch. Me Thursday. Me back."

